

By CELIA MYROVER ROBINSON

"Do comforted: In Paradise are the blessed dead, They are crowned with God's grace, To rest in dust is but pain's success, Asks to dust the soul's release."

"Yes, I know In Paradise are the blessed dead, They are crowned with God's grace; Yet can I rejoice that am left alone, When these small crosses are laid on my grave?"

—Lucy Bramlette Patterson.

Perhaps no city in the Union has contributed so richly to the making of the history of our country as has the City of Brotherly Love; no people hold tradition more sacred; are stronger in their civic pride; believe more fully, or demonstrate more forcibly that belief, that blood is thicker than water—especially if it be blue blood.

The history of Philadelphia, indeed the history of the nation, could not well be written without more than a casual mention of the Patterson family, so linked with all that has gone forward during the last century for the city's advancement in political, social and artistic. As statesmen, as soldiers, as captains of industry, as social leaders, as men of letters, the Pattersons for generations have contributed to the very heart of the nation's life.

In the death of Colonel William Houston Patterson, in 1904, one of the most striking figures of the times was removed. Colonel Patterson died at his country residence, "Cavanalee Place," Cavanalee Farms, at Russellville, East Tennessee, where he usually spends a few months every year. At the time of his death he was engaged in writing his memoirs, in which he presents some of the most vividly interesting pictures of the life of Philadelphia during the last fifty years, and gives to us a portrait of his distinguished father, General Patterson, which would prove valuable addition to the historical literature of our country, were it not that these memoirs were incomplete at the time of the author's death.

The writer has had the good fortune to dip into these pages and the privilege of examining many of the private papers of the Patterson family; in so brief an article any elaboration is impossible and it can be only a modest cursory glimpse we may give in passing. But as we turn the pages we shall find that here indeed is the prose of life more beautiful than the poetry of romance.

It has been given to Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, (Lucy Bramlette Patterson) "Our Lady of Letters," of North Carolina, the daughter of Colonel William Houston Patterson, to become "the keeper of the light," and in perpetuation of her father's memory she has, as a beautiful testimonial of her love, presented to the people of the State of North Carolina a loving-cup to be known as the "William Houston Patterson Memorial Cup."

Colonel Patterson, during the last years of his life was deeply interested in the study of Southern literature, predicting for it a great awakening, believing that the South, so long sterile after years of once rich struggle, would again blossom and give to the world a literature beautiful and lasting.

And inspired by this deep heart-interest of her father, Mrs. Patterson in the furtherance of his desires and in the effort to promote their fulfillment, has presented a gift which will not only be a memorial to her father, but will serve to act as an incentive to the advancement of literature in North Carolina, the State of her adoption, in the future of which her father was especially interested.

The loving cup, which was made in the city of Philadelphia, is composed of solid gold and of extraordinary beauty. It is of massive construction, standing 14 inches high and being 7 inches in diameter. On the bases of the three handles are the coats of arms of North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and the Patterson family. It is studded with 49 precious stones—all North Carolina gems, and bears the inscriptions, "The William Houston Patterson Cup" and "Cor Cordium," (Heart of Hearts).

The cup was presented to the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina, by Mrs. Patterson in 1905, and in October of that year was won by Mr. John Charles McNeill, of Charlotte.

The cup will be awarded at each annual meeting of the association for the year of the award has displayed, either in prose or poetry, without regard to length, the greatest skill and the highest literary skill and genius. The work must be published during the said twelve months and no manuscript nor any unpublished writing will be considered. The name of the successful writer will be engraved upon the cup, with date of award, and it will remain in his possession until October 1st of the following year, when it shall be returned to the treasurer of the association to be held by him in trust until the new award at the annual meeting that month. It will become the permanent possession of the one winning it offstage during the ten years, provided he shall have won it three times. Should he do so, at the expiration of that period, he will continue until that result is reached.

The first presentation of the cup took place in the Senate Chamber of the State Capitol, Thursday morning, October 19th, 1905. President Roosevelt representing the association, and the ceremony being witnessed by about 100 special invited guests.

Mr. John Charles McNeill, first winner of the cup, is a poet and newspaper man, known throughout North Carolina as one of the brightest literary men of the State. He is but little more than thirty, having been born on July 26, 1874, at a farm in Scotland county, as he has been herded on the sand-hills. In 1894 he entered Wake Forest, receiving his A. B. in 1898, and A. M. in 1899, also winning the essay medal and the valedictory for the highest honor in the class. He was for two years editor of "The Student," the college magazine, and was for three years tutor in English and one year in mathematics. In 1897 he was granted license to practice law. In 1898-1899 he had charge of the English department in Mercer University, Georgia. For three years he practiced law in his native county, representing it in the Legislature in 1902. Since 1904 he has been on the staff of the Charlotte Observer.

Mr. McNeill's poems, which won for him the Patterson loving-cup, are full of passion and pathos, laughter and tears—there is the song of love, and the song of the corn-field, the simple poems of childhood, the sweetness of the earth, the heart-breaking sobbing of the night-wind.

Dr. Edwin Mims, of Durham, professor of English literature at Trinity College, was the winner of the loving-cup in October, 1904. His "Life of Sidney Lanier," published during the year, is a valuable addition to literature; Lanier, who spoke

"For all-shaped blooms and leaves, Lichens on stones and moss on caves, Grasses and straws in fields and meadows, Broad-leaved ferns and keen-leaved canes, And briery masses bounding lanes; The passion-violet, the daisy, the Pansy and petal crystaline; Yes, all fair forms and sounds and sights, And garlands and mysteries and might, Of nature's utmost depths and heights," Lanier who was lawyer, soldier, musician lecturer and poet.

Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, the donor of the cup, lives in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Her charming place, "Bramlette," is one of the most beautiful homes in the South.

No one who has ever read the essays of Mrs. Patterson can fail to have gathered therefrom much of the writer's personality. In these letters she is so witty and so tender, so severe and so kind, one reads a many-sided nature: a soul strong to stand for the right and combat the wrong, a charity that believeth all things, a pride of race which is inborn; the deep love of blue skies and little children and singing birds and the tender common blooms of life.

Mrs. Patterson was born at "Castle Roche," her mother's Tennessee home, her father being at the time in ill health and having been ordered south for some months by his physician. Thus it was that though a Philadelphian she was born in the South, and so belongs to both sections, being again a Southern by adoption, having married a cousin, Mr. Lindsay Patterson, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Her friends like to tell of her that on one occasion, on being asked which she liked best, the Quaker City or the Twin City she said: "I am very much like the old woman who was asked which she liked best, her own or her son-in-law, and she said she liked her son-in-law, for she had the choosing of them and picked them out to suit herself, but the Lord gave her her sons and they were a job lot."

Nevertheless, in spite of this little bit of perisiflage she is at heart a most loyal Philadelphian. The memories of her grandfather, General Patterson, and the relics she has about her at Bramlette are among her sacred treasures, and the love she gave her father was almost idolatrous. She says of him: "He was the gayest human being I have ever known and the most brilliant. Like Napoleon he seemed to take all knowledge to be his province, and with it all he kept the heart of a child with a child's delight in sunshine and moonlight and water and flowers; all nature appealed to him, all mankind interested him, but his heart of hearts was given to his family. Many a time have I seen him slip away from a brilliant assembly to sing to sleep an ailing son; a learned treatise on Egyptian hieroglyphics would be tossed carelessly aside to tell the story of Cinderella to an fretful daughter."

For many years she has always been a great sufferer from insomnia, Colonel Patterson retired from active business at an early age and devoted a life of leisure to his family, his friends and his books. His library, one of the celebrated ones of Philadelphia, was composed of books in twelve languages, and his sets of Scott and Dickens have been pronounced by competent judges to be among the most valuable in the United States. They were bound in order, and pictures of the illustrious characters and places, many of these taken from original portraits, were inserted.

His father's favorite companion, he traveled with him everywhere and for fifty years he knew everyone in this country worth knowing, as well as all Europeans of distinction who visited him. His intimate knowledge of men and things, his ready wit, and his references which had shaken our government, made it a liberal education to know him and to listen to him talk. At his home gathered writers and artists and musicians, but there was never a gathering so brilliant that he was not the center of it. He was always the center of a group; it was his delight to help young writers when they needed help, before their reputation came to them. His vast knowledge, the wonderful information he was always at their disposal, and his ready wit, all these things his friends chat reproduced in magazine articles signed by names well-known to-day. His great interest in Southern literature, which he said would be the American literature, led him to give the cup in his memory.

White Mr. Patterson is the gifted daughter of a gifted father she is gifted like him. She is womanly, with a heart of gold. One barren winter day a young woman sat at an ink-splattered desk in the printing office of a newspaper in a small North Carolina village. The daily grind had been irksome in the extreme, there was little time for anything more than the routine work of the office, and the bits of verse and sketches that had found their way from the desk to the newspaper, and magazines, in the quiet centers of literary life had brought small recognition. And then suddenly the clouds lifted—all because a woman had passed in her life of many activities to say God-speed to a girl who had never seen and whom she knew only through the bits of verse she had read. It was a beautiful act of gracious kindness—one of many that "Our Lady of Letters" has shown to struggling young writers.

Mrs. Patterson comes of a most distinguished ancestry. Her paternal grandparents, General Patterson, was a Philadelphia whom few in the grand in the impress he made upon the life of his city. As a merchant, a millionaire capitalist; a promoter; a man of affairs; a clubman; as a host under whose roof-tops gathered the foremost statesmen and warriors of the American life for nearly half a century; as a life for the servant, and as a soldier there was no long phase of Philadelphia activity in which he did not play a part. From youth to old age there were few calm occasions of note in his city, and certainly no military ones in which he was not foremost among the leaders.

General Patterson was born in the town of Strohan, county Tyrone, Ireland, on the twelfth day of January, 1792, and passed away at his home in Philadelphia on the eleventh day of August, 1851, in the nineteenth year of his age. He was the eldest son of Francis Patterson and Ann Graham.

His was a career of startling activity and versatility. On the 2nd of October, 1812, in his eighteenth year, he entered the military service of the United States as Colonel of the Second Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. On the 19th of April, 1814, when but little over 20 years of age, we find him captain in the regular army, and in the same year he was promoted to the rank of major.

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Zachary Taylor, he commanded a large division, in all seventeen regiments, originally each one thousand strong, and he was one of the chief participants in the siege and capture of Vera Cruz under Gen. Winfield Scott. Subsequently he was second in command of the United States force in Mexico until the close of the war of 1848. The patriotism and his experience caused him to be selected by the government for an important command in the civil war, which he conducted with skill and energy.

General Patterson was the founder of the famous Asie Club at the close of the Mexican war and held the office of president to the time of his death. In the incomplete memoirs of Colonel William Houston Patterson he says: "Perhaps the proudest event of Robert Patterson's military life was the absolute unpopularity of having been twice president of the board of visitors to West Point with an interval between of fifty years. The first honor was conferred by General Andrew Jackson in 1835, the second by President Rutherford B. Hayes, in 1885."

In the novel "Captain Macklin," Richard Harding Davis makes his hero pay a visit to General Patterson on the occasion of one of his annual dinners to the Arctec Club. Mr. Davis has said that General Patterson was the idea of "Captain Macklin," and tells of an incident when General Patterson met Clark Davis on the streets of Philadelphia:

"It pleases me when I go down town in the morning," said the general, "to hear men say 'Good morning, General' for it means we were together in the civil war; but it pleases me still more to have a man say, 'Good morning, Colonel,' and we stop and chat awhile, for it means we were in the Mexican war together. But when a man says, 'Good morning, Captain,' I clasp him to my heart and take him home with me to spend the night, for we fought together during the war of 1812."

"In 'Captain Macklin' there is a most interesting description of the old Patterson home on Thirteenth and Old streets, of which Colonel John Hare Powell was the original occupant, and which in later years had been converted into the headquarters of the historic Society of Pennsylvania. General Robert Patterson had been home during more than forty years and it was here that the late Colonel William Houston Patterson spent his boyhood and early manhood, at a time when the house was a scene of hospitality to hundreds of guests. He lived not only in Philadelphia, but in the life of the nation. One of his earliest memories was the reception which was there given to the Indians who visited the Great Father at Washington, when Van Buren was in the presidency and of which he has his incomplete memoirs, he says:

"Who are these so wild and fanciful in their attire?" 'Tis a delegation of Sacs and Foxes, who, having visited the Great Father in Washington, are now returning to their homes on the faraway Mississippi, and have stopped over in Philadelphia to see their friend, 'The Big Yellow Captain.' . . . Truly a magnificent group are these barbaric noblemen of the West. Upon the broad buff breast of General Patterson's uniform appears the bust of Napoleon, the conqueror of the world. Upon the right cheek of the prophet you will observe the same device, but almost obliterated. In embracing his friend, 'The Big Yellow Captain,' the Prophet of the Sacs and Foxes thrust his aboriginal card of fellowship."

It was also in this old home that James K. Polk, when he entered the White House, was entertained with a princely hand on the occasion of his first visit to Philadelphia, after the defeat of Henry Clay. The dinner, in the year 1847, was a marvelous gathering. It was the custom of the commanding officer of the First Division of Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia to assemble around him once a year the officers of that division. When we consider the division, which embraced nearly sixty companies, and that each company wore its separate, distinctive uniform, plain or magnificent, neat or bizarre, one can see that the effect must have been startlingly fantastic and beautiful. But upon the occasion of the Polk reception, General Patterson not only drew his officers about him;—there were also present the officers of the army, navy and marine corps then in the city, and in addition, civil, State and political dignitaries, and circumstances were the four hundred of Philadelphia society.

In the guest room of this old mansion have tarried many distinguished folk: Mrs. Henry R. Schoolcraft, the Chippeway wife of the explorer and Indian expert, with their two children; Mrs. Chase, the heroine of Tampico; Sam McWhorter, the great and dignified General of the Rebellion; Fitz John Porter, the great martyr thereof; John Mercer Brooke, the planner of the Confederate ram "Merrimack." Here quietly passed the night that human comedy, Jesse D. Elliott, the contented president over at the foot of the Navy Department to the centre; here slept Capt. Francis Marryat; the Duke of Saxe-Weimar; Major Croghan, the hero of Sandusky; Tupper; Lord Houghton James, the novelist; Stockton; Case; Brockbridge; Sam Houston; Clay; Gaines; and many another soldier or statesman.

The famous Madame Rush and General Patterson were the most noted entertainers in Philadelphia, during their time—to be invited to either one of their homes was an honor to Philadelphia society. In his memoirs General Patterson gives this charming picture:

"Around the massive mahogany table, bathed in the soft light of candlelight, is gathered an unusual group of men and women, the assemblage presided over at the foot of the board by an exceedingly handsome man gowned in ruby velvet, her small shapely head surmounted by an orange and black silk turban, said the rich folds of which broods the Bird of Paradise. At the head of the board, his face wreathed in smiles, you will recognize the master of the revels, never so happy as when indulging his hospitable instincts. But do you observe the grace of movement, the soft and vulturine vespertine, the unmistakable air of refinement which covers this assemblage. Well it may! The gentlemen are, save one, (Colonel McDougall, the seventy-ninth highlander) officers of the Queen's Household Brigade. . . . The two lovely women, (Mrs. Gray and Lady Catherine Harcourt, scions of England's crest and bluest blood.

"GEM PATTERSON," of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, was a cousin, but honorably also, to General Patterson. When she was dying she sent for him, and spent several hours with her, but could never be induced to tell what passed between them. Joseph Bonaparte was a warm friend of the general, and the all called "now in the Blue Room at the White House," was presented to the White House

who said certain General Bonaparte was distinguished President, originally the name of Napoleon, designated to Joseph when he was made King of Spain. General Patterson also owned the coronation china, but that he kept using it only for his most elaborate entertainments. It was at a dinner given by the late Mrs. Patterson, in 1848, that the coronation china was used. The full set pictured every uniform in the French army.

Cavanalee, the summer home of the Patterson family, was given by Mr. Hugh Graham to his daughter, Mrs. William Houston Patterson. Hugh Graham came to America at the age of fourteen with his nephew, William Houston. He was born in Strohan county Tyrone, Ireland. The Grahams have ever been splendid soldiers. Their record goes back to the crusades, where they followed Richard Coeur De Leon, and wore their coat of arms with the motto, "The Right is Sufficient For Me." During Cromwell's Irish war part of the Grahams clan moved from Scotland to the north of Ireland. Taking part in the rebellion of '98, their estates were confiscated and the leaders were condemned to death. By the united efforts of the few Grahams who remained loyal, and their friends and neighbors, the Duke of Abercorn, the death sentence was changed to banishment for life, and the large family connection came to America, some of them settling in east Tennessee, where they founded the town of Nashville. There they led an ideal life, reproducing as far as possible, the old life in Ireland. Aristocratic to their finger-tips, the last thing they subscribed to was the declaration that all men were created equal.

Hugh Graham married Katherine Nenny. She inherited great beauty from her mother, Lucy Bramlette, for whom Mrs. Lindsay Patterson is named.

Lucy Graham, a daughter of Hugh Graham and Katherine Nenny, was one of America's most famous beauties. She married the Hon. John Duffin, of Nashville, Tenn., who was Minister to Turkey under President Buchanan. They went to Turkey by way of Paris, and were presented at the court of Louis Napoleon by Senator Mason, of Virginia, the Minister to France. In Constantinople the American embassy became famous for its southern hospitality. Mr. Williams was a man of large estates in Tennessee and Mrs. Williams had been most admirably trained for her position by her life at "Castle Roche," where her father had insisted on European etiquette and training for his daughters. She was celebrated for her wonderful charm of manner, and stately yet gracious dignity. She won admiration wherever she went and among her intimate friends were Lord Dufferin, Frederick Bremer, the Swedish novelist, Lud Bolmer, Sir Richard Jackson, and the unfortunate Maximilian and Carlotta. Among the heirlooms she left, were a china bowl presented her by the Duke of Saxe, a portrait of herself and daughter painted by Lady Dufferin, who was, by the way, a daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and a sister of the Honorable Caroline Norton, and a book presented to Mary Williams by a young French nobleman, who accompanied them on a voyage up the Nile. This young count carried with him a corpse of photographers, whose pictures of pyramids, Temples, and all objects of interest were bound in four volumes, one of which was presented to the Empress Eugenie, one to the Empress of Austria, one to Mary Williams, and the fourth kept for the Frenchman's chateau treasures. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Williams visited Maximilian and Carlotta at Schloss Nirammar, the beautiful palace at the head of the Adriatic, where the ladies enjoyed Carlotta's society and revelled in her art treasures. Maximilian and Mr. Williams paced up and down the walks of that famous garden, talking of Mexico. Mr. Williams vainly endeavoring to dissuade Maximilian from his expedition. Maximilian offered Mr. Williams many inducements to accompany him and finally Mr. Williams sent a nephew, Mr. Thomas Williams, who served on Maximilian's staff.

Kate Williams, the eldest daughter of the beautiful Lucy Graham, married Baron Harry Kavanagh-Ballynally, one of the noblest of the great nobles of the British Empire, and she was the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who was the Duke of Devonshire's daughter. She was the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who was the Duke of Devonshire's daughter. She was the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who was the Duke of Devonshire's daughter.

Mary, the youngest daughter, married Prince Ferdinand De Lignerò de Salaparuta, an Italian nobleman, who was the Prince of Salaparuta. She was the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who was the Duke of Devonshire's daughter. She was the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, who was the Duke of Devonshire's daughter.

Miss Louise Patterson, a sister of Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, is well known in both Philadelphia and New York society and throughout the south as well, but a great part of her time is spent abroad.

The Pattersons have ever been lavish entertainers, great students and travelers. Until this generation relatives have always married relatives, such was their pride of race.

Mrs. Patterson at Winston-Salem, is one of the most beautiful homes in the South. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson give a house-party to the writers of North Carolina, believing that literary folk of a State should know each other.

A brilliant school leader, an earnest student, a gifted writer, Mrs. Patterson is, of all things, a devoted wife. "Our Lady of Letters" says of herself: "The most important as well as the most sensible thing I ever did was to marry Mr. Patterson in 1888. To get her home, her husband, her books make up an ideal life."

But while essentially a home-woman, Mrs. Patterson finds time to take a more or less active part in club life. She is a prominent D. A. R. and is at present chairman of the historical committee of the North Carolina commission to the Jamestown Exposition.

The oldest photographer in the world is the appellation given to William Hardy Kent, who died recently at Eastbourne, in English Sussex, at the age of 88. He was of New England birth, and New Bedford was his home, until about 1846 he learned the art of photography, and in 1848 opened a studio in New York, where he had by 1854 gained small fortunes. He then went over to London, where he opened three studios in Oxford street, Regent street and at Knightsbridge. At the time of his death he operated a gallery at Eastbourne and was interested also in businesses at the seaside resorts of Brighton and Hastings, at Newcastle and Harrogate.

Chinese prefer their native flour, ground by hand or by horse or mule power, to the foreign product, on account of the greater proportion of gluten contained in the former. The native article, which may be likened to the American Graham or whole-wheat flour, possesses more "life" or strength. It sells for about \$4.50 per bushel, and a forty-pound bag (silver) is a forty-pound bag, but higher than American flour.



How big, how big is the little lass? Stand her up here near the window-glass. With her golden wig And merry's a grig (A grig is a cricket in the grass). Stand her up here and let us see How tall may the little maiden be.

Who would suppose she would outgrow Dresses and stockings and apron so? Not only outgrows Her pretty clothes, But to make herself tall would stand tiptoes Now measure! See, my rule I lay On the silk looms, floating every way.

She is just the height that's best of all— Neither too tiny nor too tall, Large enough quite To be polite. A fair sweet lady, though, oh, so small! So small, such a mere little child, she may Be household baby for many a day.

PLAYING WITH SCHOOLS

MANY ACTIVE IN THE GAME.

There is a Great Need For Educational Statesmanship and Not Much of It in Sight—Lack of a Common Purpose Among Teachers—All Other Professions Require Special Training, But in This They Just-Pick It Up—Not a Trained Teacher of Teachers in the State—The Various Views Presented For Comparison. Written For The Observer.

The man who said that education consists of the training of mind, soul and body (mental, spiritual and physical) may have known what he was talking about, but if he did, the conditions have since undergone a change that may almost be called a metamorphosis. In the first place, we no longer think of education as training. Instead, it is simply going to school. Teachers must stick to the text-book, however, inane and banal they may be. To undertake something tending to mind-training is to be subject to grave suspicions. To mention the soul in school is high treason and unpardonable. We have not yet repeated the verdict that the critic has heaped on the tree's inclined," but the general opinion seems to be that no time should be lost in an attempt to bend the twig in the right direction.

Playing school is a favorite pastime with children and in their play they give an impersonation comparable to the impressionistic theory in art. There must be a teacher, some pupils with books, and a stick, and then the humdrum routine questions and answers. It never occurs to the children that anything is being made of the analogy, complete, and the obedient and conscientious teacher looks on at the play and thinks of his own shortcomings, he may well say in the words of Kipling: "We are all islands shouting lies to one another across seas of misunderstanding."

Play schools are plentiful and they are the ones that often set themselves up as models, because the average teacher and the average school are popular in inverse ratio to their efficiency and faithfulness. The playing with school is to be found in every phase of the work, and all of it is probably attributable to the fact that the result is so remote that we are careless in working for it, and anywhere Mr. Patterson in 1888. To get her home, her husband, her books make up an ideal life.

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LOOKING AHEAD AND NO PURPOSE.

There must be a building and enough teachers to keep the children in some kind of order, and then if only trouble is avoided, everything is all right. If the children are pleased and there are no complaints and everything runs smoothly, then the school is reckoned as a great institution. The graduates may go to the penitentiary but the school is all right. Who would run a mill but a man to teach arithmetic, any teacher who is growing up in a school where the law makes, directors, teachers and parents, are only playing or experimenting? What indeed should we expect of the school? One faction says train the child to make money. Another says give him knowledge and let him and his own way, Mrs. Savage in "The Ladies' Home Journal" says: "Give him knowledge and skill and develop and train his natural abilities." These doctrines are new and present a phase of the general tendency of the times. The policy of developing "natural abilities" is as likely to produce criminals as it is to produce good citizens. It means simply to make the good children very, very good and the bad ones horrid.

We need to get back to foundation principles, the first of which is that education means training. Knowledge is power and the power should be practical and useful, but the mind that uses it must be trained to use it diligently and accurately, and back of it all must be a directing spirit to keep it in the straight path. We need system and order and we need to realize that the power should be practical and useful, but the mind that uses it must be trained to use it diligently and accurately, and back of it all must be a directing spirit to keep it in the straight path. We need system and order and we need to realize that the power should be practical and useful, but the mind that uses it must be trained to use it diligently and accurately, and back of it all must be a directing spirit to keep it in the straight path.

The teacher is the determining factor in the play, yet he cannot justly get much of the blame. The dog trainer would not be worried to death by the impertinence and advice of the employer. The latter would be certain the trainer knew his business and would not be hampered. The child trainer, however, must consider every move in connection with the possible views of the various parents. The school may be doing fine work, but if one parent gets mad, it is all spoiled. Only an expert can train a dog to hunt birds, but the most ignorant person knows all about how to train the soul, mind and body of a child so the life may attain to the fullest and best possible fruitfulness. An expert teacher, in the true sense may be a college graduate or he may not be. He may have been trained in a normal school or in his dear but sure school of intelligent experience. However, the thing he is earnest, honest, capable and he does things. Moreover, he is generally discouraged by the powers that be, as anyone is likely to be in the faithful performance of any important duty. He must comfort himself with Browning's lament: "What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me."

DADDY'S POCKETS.

Detroit Free Press. Phume from the wonderful sugar plum tree. Apples and candies and things. Every boy has a pocket for me. Ships that can sail on a make-believe sea. Little tin soldiers as brave as can be. And toys that are worked upon strings. And I run in explore them at night, for I know. Wonderful things may be hidden below.

Sometimes it's chocolate and peppermint. Every boy has a pocket for me. Or maybe a doll that speaks. But always I find something shiny and new. A pin-a-bax that jumps out with a "boo." A little tin horn painted red, white and blue. Or a ball that is rubber and squeaks. So I delve in his pockets at night just to see. And wonderful things has been put there for me.

The fairies have many strange places to hide things for good little boys. Where they put all their candies and sweetmeats away. And also the most wonderful things at the close of the day. Where the gingerbread horses and sugar plums are. And the brightest of toys. And these wonderful places, so filled with delight.

The Id Caylons silver mines in Peru are situated higher than any other in the world, being between 14,000 and 17,000 feet. It is believed that they were first worked by the Incas.

To keep the plague of rabbits from destroying the pastoral industries of Australia, 16,113 miles of public and private rabbit-netted fences have been erected at a cost of \$60,000 pounds. Queensland alone has 110,000 miles of such a fence, and it is estimated that one will ever know the difficulty. Besides, if he should perad-

venture continue to teach he can learn by experience. Why indeed should he go to a normal school when our own are run by men who themselves learned in no other way than by picking up the knowledge as they went along?

All of us know that the greatest thing in whatever education we received was the result of contact with some noble quality in the teacher. What then can we expect of the students who are growing up in a school with which the lawmakers, directors, teachers and parents, are only playing or experimenting? What indeed should we expect of the school? One faction says train the child to make money. Another says give him knowledge and let him and his own way, Mrs. Savage in "The Ladies' Home Journal" says: "Give him knowledge and skill and develop and train his natural abilities." These doctrines are new and present a phase of the general tendency of the times. The policy of developing "natural abilities" is as likely to produce criminals as it is to produce good citizens. It means simply to make the good children very, very good and the bad ones horrid.

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